Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

TIM. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship : Never may That state or fortune fall into my keeping, Which is not ow'd to you [7] !

[Exeunt Luciuus and old Athenian.

POET. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship !

TIM, I thank you ; you shall hear from me anont Go not away.— What have you there, my friend ?

PAIN. A piece of painting, which I do beseech Your lordship to accept.

TIM. Painting is welcome-

The painting is almost the natural man ; For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature, He is but outside : These pencil'd figures are Even such as they give out [8]. I like your work ; And you shall find, I like it : wait attendance Till you hear further from me.

PAIN. The gods preserve you !

TIM. Well fare you, gentlemen : Give me your hand ;

We must needs dine together. — Sir, your jewel Hath suffer'd under praise.

What, my lord ? dispraise ?

7 Ł. Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping, Which is not ow*r> to you !] The meaning *is,* let me never henceforth consider any thing that I possess, but as *owed* or due *to* you ; held for your service, and at your disposal. JOHNSON. So Lady Macbeth says to Duncan : [4]* Your servants ever
[f c] Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt, " To make their audit at your highness' pleasure, " Still to return *your own"* M ALONE.
s _- pencil'd figures are
Ēven such as they give out.] Pictures have no hypocrisy ; they are what they profess to be, JOHNSON.